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AN

ELEGY

UPON

The Death of that Godly, Pious and Painful Miniſter,

Robson 191

Mr. ALEXANDER COLDEN

Late Miniſter of the Goſpel at *Oxname*;

WITH

Some few Remarkable Providences which happened a little before:

Who died *June* 29th 1738.

Rev. xiv. 13. *Bleſſed are the Dead which die in the Lord.*
Pſal. xii. 1. *Help, Lord, for the godly Man ceaſeth; for the Faithful fail from among the Children of Men.*
Pſal. cxii. 6. *The Righteous ſhall be in everlaſting Remembrance.*

EDINBURGH,
Printed by THOMAS LUMISDEN and JOHN ROBERTSON for the Author.
M.DCC.XXXIX.

ELEGY

UPON

The Death of that Godly, Pious and Learned Minister,

Mr. ALEXANDER GOLDEN

Late Minister of the Gospel at Oxenford:

Who died June 30th 1728.

Printed by Thomas Lumisden and John Robertson for the Author.

MDCCXXIX.

To the Reader.

Candid Reader,

THE following Lines being the Performance of an illiterate Countryman, one of the Deceast's common Hearers, who has only as much Education as enables him to read his Bible; you are not to expect a Neat, Poetick, Elegant Stile, or fine Phraſes: Neither are you to expect the Matter to be ſo orderly rang'd as it might have been, if done by an abler Hand, it being done in my ſpare Hours, that I ſav'd from my ordinary Country Buſineſs. However, what I have advanced anent the Perſon who is the Subject of the following Performance, is naked Truth, and that from my own certain Knowledge; therefore let none condemn me, as ſpeaking hyperbolically, or uſing Flattery, I being under no Temptation thereto. All who knew him will readily own that it is beyond my Reach to do Juſtice to his Memory, who, while he liv'd in this World, blaz'd like a Star of the firſt Magnitude.

The Intelligent will no doubt diſcover a great many Tautologies, coarſe Phraſes, &c. which will not palliate with a fine Taſte; which it is expected he'll pardon, when he conſiders my Education and Circumſtance.

That it is ſo long in coming forth after the Reverend Father's Death, is not owing to its being

so long in composing; for, notwithstanding of my Circumstances, there was a considerable Part of it ready that very Day he was interr'd, which I read to Two very near Intimates of my own, and very soon after the whole was finish'd, but without the remotest Views of publishing it to the World; yea, I had no Design of ever allowing any one the Manuscript out of my own Hand; but did it purely for my own Satisfaction. However, having read it to some Intimates, on whom I injoin'd Secrecy, yet it came to be known such a Thing was in my Hand by several Acquaintances, who upon hearing it (being all Lovers of our worthy Minister) were instant to have it published; to whose Intreaties I remained obstinate for above Half a Year after it was finish'd, until some of the more intelligent Part of Mankind than my ordinary Acquaintance are, hearing of it, desir'd a Sight thereof, and were as earnest to have it published as any; whose Perswasions had more Weight with me, and whose Arguments prevail'd upon me to let it take its Fate in the censorious World.

Altho' our Author be but mean,
Let none the same despise;
Since unto Babes these Things are giv'n,
And hidden from the Wise.

ADIEU.

10 AP 66

AN

AN ELEGY

UPON

The Death of the Reverend Mr. ALEXANDER COLDEN

Late Minister of the Gospel at *Oxname*, &c.

HARK, hark, O Sirs, put on your mourning Robe;
Here's News may make the hardest Heart to sob.
What may these be? If any one should spear,
I'll tell you them; We never more will hear
Our godly, faithful, pious, painful Pastor:
Who can but weep, to see the sad Disaster
Has us befall'n? Might we but ask the Reason
Why he is from us ta'en at such a Season,
When ev'ry Thing doth look with such a Hue,
When the right Way is known by very few;

When

When thoſe whom we did look on as our Guide
Have quit the good old Way, and laid aſide
The Covenanted Cauſe they lately did maintain.
Alas! how few have kept their Garments clean!
'Tis hard to think how ſweetly ſome did ſup
Out all the Dregs of that baſe bitter Cup
Impos'd of late, with Threatnings moſt ſevere
'Gainſt thoſe would not read it before the Pray'r
Firſt Sabbath of each Month, a whole Year thorow;
Which is an Aggravation to our Sorrow, (Cauſe,
That they, for mortal Man, ſhould quit Chriſt's
And give Obedience unto human Laws.
I dare avow, it ne'er was God's Intention, (tion;
His Ord'nance mix'd ſhould be with Man's Inven-
This, and the like, moſt greatly do offend
Chriſt's little Ones, when called to contend
Much for the Faith deliver'd to the Saints,
Oh how the World is fill'd with ſad Complaints,
Againſt the temporiſing Sort of faint Compliers;
Againſt Backſliders, and Chriſt's Truths Deniers;
Againſt *Simſonian* Errors, and ſuch Deluders;
Againſt *Baxterian* Dregs, and all Intruders;
Againſt all Party-Zealots, that combine
Againſt the honeſt Sort, with a Deſign
To overturn the Work of Reformation,
And bring back Prelacy into our Nation;
Againſt the careleſs Sort, that's turned lax;
Againſt Aſſemblies, for their boundleſs Acts;
Againſt all Legaliſts, and their Approvers;
Againſt all ſuch as perſecute Chriſt's Lovers;
Againſt thoſe only labour for the Fleece;
Againſt all ſuch as ſell the Truth for Peace;
Againſt thoſe with them join Conſed'racy,
Againſt thoſe ſilent keep, and do not cry,
Againſt the preſent Evils of the Day;
Againſt Court-Paraſites, who bear the Sway;

Againſt thoſe who would have the World to guide;
Againſt thoſe fill'd with Avarice and Pride;
Againſt Self-Seekers, ſtriving Men to pleaſe;
Againſt all thoſe are full of Calumnies;
Againſt all thoſe are guilty of Heart-murder
Againſt their Brethren, to proceed no further!
In ſuch a Day as this, let's howl and weep;
'Tis not a Day that we ſhould Silence keep,
In ſuch a Day when Wrath is hard approaching,
A Day wherein the Wicked's Miſchief broaching;
A Day of Railing, and of Running down;
A Day wherein our Head has loſt its Crown;
A Day the Wife's deformed of her Beauty;
A Day that Crimes are like to paſs for Duty;
A Day we're fangled with a new found Light;
A Day, alas! there's little with us right;
A Day of deep Defection and Backſliding;
A Day of ſad Reproach, and bitter Chiding;
A Day of Errors, and of great Deluſion;
A Day of Terrors, and of great Confuſion;
A Day of Stumbling, and of great Temptation;
A Day of Jumbling, and of great Vexation;
A Day of Suff'ring, Sinning, and Tranſgreſſion;
A Day of Flatt'ry, Falſhood, and Oppreſſion;
A Day of Cov'touſneſs, of Vice, and Pride;
A Day that Duty's greatly laid aſide;
A Day we're in a ſp'ritual Lethargy;
A Day there's little Love or Sympathy;
A Day Religion's become as a Form;
A Day, 'tis fear'd, few will ſtand out the Storm;
A Day wherein the Word of Truth is bury'd;
A Day that many down the Stream are hurry'd;
A Day of Snares, of Trials, and Defiling;
A Day of Pillage, Slanders, and Reviling;
A Day wherein the Godly's mock'd and jeer'd;
A Day they're ſtrictly cenſur'd and caſheer'd;

A Day wherein the Children of one Mother
Are torturing and tearing one another;
A Day of Blaſphemies, and of Diſſembling;
A Day of Dread, of Horrours, Fears and Trembling;
A Day of Threatnings, Oaths and Impoſitions;
A Day of Strife; a Day of Inquiſitions,
Wherein Chriſt's Lovers for the Truth are baniſh'd,
Wherein Apoſtates are paſt by unpuniſh'd.
By ſlightly Cenſuring ſuch are encouraged,
Whoſe damnable Hereſies the World o'erſpread.
Beſt Method could be ta'en this Fire to quench,
At the firſt Riſe to cut off Root and Branch:
A little Water will the Gleed o'ercome,
When many Buckets cannot quench the Flame.
This is a Day Diviſions do increaſe;
This is a Day of Dangers more or leſs;
This is a Day Things oddly are adorn'd;
This Day we've Need of Judgments well inform'd;
This Day's to all a Day of Conſternation,
This Day's to us a Day of Deſolation.
What ſhall I ſay? Truly, I think there be
More Divine Anger in't than we can ſee.
I think it, Sirs; and think not far amiſs,
In ſuch a Time ſo critical as this;
A Time indeed the like hath ſeldom been
In any Age: Nor have our Fathers ſeen
The like; for which many are made to ſay,
They never ſaw nor heard of ſuch a Day
As this, alas! tho' 'tis denied by ſome.
In many Things our Land is now become
Like to *Jeruſalem*, not long before
Its ſad Deſtruction. Now, to ſay no more
But this: They were of different Opinion;
And is't not ſo with us through this Dominion?
May we not fear her fatal Puniſhment,
Or ſome ſuch like, if Mercy don't prevent?

Can we expect to 'ſcape without a Stroke,
Who thus ſo highly do the Lord provoke;
While we his Servants do ſeem to reject,
And likewiſe tolerate each other Sect
To vent their Errors like unto a Flood,
Till Right by Wrong can ſcarce be underſtood?
It blinds the Simple, hardeneth the Wicked;
For which the Godly oft have been afflicted.
'Tis to be fear'd, ourſelves have had a Hand
In bringing Judgments thus upon our Land,
That ev'rywhere ſo greatly do abound,
That Goſpel-truth is rarely to be found.
In this ſad ſnaring Time, we're left alone
Here to lament the Loſs of him that's gone,
Who did his Flock ſo nobly entertain.
Sirs, let us ſearch, what this ſad Blow doth mean,
What Sin has this procur'd, has God provok'd
To ſeparate the Shepherd and his Flock,
Whoſe Hearts ſo cloſs together were unite,
Who was a Paſtor ev'ry Way compleat;
Who was endow'd with Gifts, and Grace beſide;
Who tenderly his Flock did lead and guide:
But now they're left to wander here and there,
Like Sheep having no Shepherd to take Care.
Poor ſcatter'd Flock, others our Caſe bewails,
To ſee us ſtraying upon Hills and Vales,
Seeking the Food we formerly deſpis'd;
His worthy Miniſtry ſo little priz'd
By us, alas! Sirs, theſe may be our Fears,
Our Miſimprovements, Eighty and Thirty Years,
Of ſuch Enjoyments, have procur'd the Loſs;
Ev'n this ſo unſupportable a Croſs
We now ſuſtain, we ſadly may ſuppoſe,
It is a Fore-runner of future Woes.
O Death! O Death! why were ye ſo unkind,
To take the Shepherd, and the Sheep behind

Has left on Deserts, here and there to wander,
Since we're bereft of our great *Alexander*?
Great, great indeed, yea, great we may him call,
Who was beloved and admir'd by all
That ever did him hear: It was our Hap
To have this faithful *Moses* stand' in Gap,
The just deserved Wrath to turn away,
Hang low'ring 'bove our Heads this many Day,
Which may be fear'd upon us down will come,
Now, when our great *Elijah*'s called Home.
Thick Clouds of Wrath it sadly doth presage
Unto this barren, base, degen'rate Age.
When Dross is left, away the Gold is ta'en;
Where we had Corn, now meikle Chaff remain;
Where the great Gardner sow'd his best of Seeds,
Nought scarce appears but Thistles, Docks and Weeds.
The Godly cease, who's willing now to part;
The Faithful fail, and few do lay't to Heart.
This Rod a Language hath, if read we cou'd
The same aright, and rightly understood;
But in dark Ignorance remain we doth,
Our stubborn hardned Hearts under Reproof
Seem to be fear'd like to the Adamant,
While nothing better'd by no Rod that's sent.
In such a Day, who would not but bemone us
For the sad Stroke that's lately come upon us?
Lament our Loss, whose Worth cannot be told:
Yea, he was one more pure than *Ophir*'s Gold,
Who was a burning and a shining Light,
A Star in's Magnitude appear'd more bright
Than any fixed in our Southern Border,
For keeping Rule exact, and comely Order.
He was with Zeal and Candor so possest,
Was like a Father unto all the rest;

Like

Like Children fond, they always drew about him,
And never would do any Thing without him;
But now they muſt, and ſo muſt we, alas!
Since this fair Star is dropt out of its Place,
Which makes our Day like very Night ſeem dark;
For Mourners to deplore now here is Work:
Come hither now, who wont to join before;
Come, and this ſad preſaging Stroke deplore;
Come, weeping Wreſtlers, Lovers of Chriſt's Cauſe;
Come, ye who with us oft Partakers was;
Come, Strangers, who from ev'ry Airth combin'd;
Come, hunted Harts, and Birds of ev'ry Kind;
Come, all ye chatt'ring Doves, with Voices ſtrong;
Come, all ye Faithful, that to Chriſt belong;
Come, all ye wand'ring Sheep, your Help now gi's,
Come all, and join to ſing his Obſequies:
Let us, his little Flock, with wat'ry Eyes,
Make Hills and Hollows echo with our Cries.
Come all with melting Hearts, and Voices ſhrill;
So may the Noiſe reſound from Hill to Hill,
As far as *Cheviot* Eaſt at his Departure,
From thence rebounding back unto the *Carter*,
Cauſe all the Mountains on our *Engliſh* Border,
That do ſtand plac'd in ſuch a comely Order,
To hear our mournful Notes, and hideous Yells
Iſſuing forth ſince we're left to ourſelves.
O come, O come, let us put on our Sable,
And weep for Want o's Sermons applicable,
Whoſe heav'nly Luſtre, and their fragrant Smell
Was ſweet unto our Taſte: He did excel
In preaching up that Doctrine of free Grace,
And ſuitably did fit ilk poor Thing's Caſe,
However deſp'rate, he'd have Anſwers brought,
Reviv'd the Soul, and ſo did ſtill the Thought
Of the Perplex'd, lamenting their Diſeaſe,
Applying Cures to heal their Maladies.

With Sufferers he kindly ſympathiz'd,
And oft the Poor and Needy hath releas'd;
Th' unquiet Soul he likewiſe ſtrove to calm,
And to th' Afflicted did apply his Balm,
Unto the Weak was ay a ſtout Supporter,
And unto Mourners was a kind Comforter,
Poor hunger-bitten Souls hath often fill'd,
And quickned ſome that others would have kill'd.
The doubtful halting Souls he hath reſolv'd,
Who that in Darkneſs deeply were involv'd;
Who had the Caſe ſo wonderfully clear'd,
They're made to wonder, and him much admir'd,
How thoſe Confuſions cavern'd in their Breaſt,
And troubled Thoughts in Order all have plac'd,
To their great Joy, thro' Heav'ns help from the (Word,
Comfort to various Caſes did afford;
To their Amaze, were freed from ſad Diſtreſs.
A prime Patron he was of Uprightneſs,
Who never ceas'd to be a kind Repr[illegible]r,
Self-cozeners he truly did diſcover;
He painful was in letting of us kno[illegible]
How far a Length the Hypocrite ma[illegible]
In following Duties, tho' never did [illegible]
Yet will come ſhort of that he did ex[illegible]
At laſt, if he continue in this State;
Altho' he reach the Length of Heaven's [illegible];
He ne'er ſhall enter in; tho' on he wai[illegible]
Himſelf's the Porter that has ſhut the [illegible]
He ſoar'd aloft in Chriſt and Grace's Pra[illegible];
An Ambaſſador 'twixt God and us he was,
His Maſter's Meſſage did unto us bear,
Pled our Behalf with God in Chriſt, by Pray'r
In faithful Fervour did with Heaven prevail,
To Saints and Sinners gave a heartſom Meal:
He was a Steward juſt, and moſt diſcreet;
From's balm'y Lips dropt Conſolation ſweet,

As of that Comb had taste with *Jonathan*;
Whene'er he spoke, the Deity spoke then.
What Words of Pow'r did from his Mouth proceed,
To think on now, may make our Heart to bleed,
Since he us left in this sad Circumstance,
Who labour'd much Christ's Kingdom to advance.
To gain our Souls to Christ, he toiled fair,
And long'd and wished for to have us there.
Who now will ease us of our sad Complaints,
Since he is gone? To Sinners both and Saints
He Comfort brought, and gave them sweet Relief:
But now, alas! increased is our Grief.
Our Sorrows daily do upon us grow,
Which causeth from our Eyes a Torrent flow
Unto our Skirts; since now he is no more,
With Grones and Sighs our very Hearts are sore.
We weep for want, our weeping is in vain;
We'll go to him, he'll not return again.
So great's our Loss, what Tongue can it express,
Or tell his Worth? Who knew him must confess,
So bright his Virtues were, in him did shine
Peace, Love and Charity: His main Design
Was Sinners to comfort, warn the secure
To make their Calling and Election sure,
In Time to get their Faith fixed upon
The Cov'nant-head, that sure Foundation stone
In Zion laid, the Gospel-call embrace,
And not be Slighters of your Day of Grace:
Else ye will find, to your eternal Cost,
Remaining behind, Room for Repentance lost.
Oxname, it was your Hap; O *Ichabod*!
To have this Man, who chosen was of God,
To labour 'mongst you, who in a faithful Manner
Display'd his Master's glorious, gracious Banner:
He gave his Testimony publickly,
That he'd God's Call unto the Ministry,

In

In an Action-ſermon, preach'd on *Oxname* Green,
This Day by ſome has not forgotten been;
Who from Experience had it for to ſay,
Bleſt Inſtrument, bleſt Place, bleſt happy Day,
That ever they did hear this joyful Sound!
Yet unto God the Glory did redound.
That very Day his Face like Lightning ſhone,
Inviting Sinners o'er and o'er again,
To come and take ſweet Jeſus for their King,
Their Prophet, Prieſt, their All, and ev'ry Thing:
Come take him, Sirs, here offer'd to thee this Day,
O wiſe were thoſe that this Call did obey,
Before this worthy One was ta'en away!
Whoſe ſav'ry Exhortation us engag'd;
How wonderfully were we privileg'd!
Prime Miniſter was he, a famous Teacher,
We've loſt a ſound and ſerious Goſpel-preacher.
In's publick Work, was countenanc'd of Heav'n,
And a peculiar Talent had him giv'n.
He in few Words the Scripture did explain,
But moſt ſignificant, in heav'nly Strain:
Still kept cloſs by the main Scope of the Text;
His Lect'ring plain, pleaſant, learn'd, and intermixt
With practical Obſervations, which was thereby
A mighty Help unto our Memory;
His Preaching both for Matter, Stile, and Trying,
Was wiſely calculate for edifying;
Sometimes tending t' awaken the Secure,
At other Times comforts the mourning Poor;
Sometimes, *Boanerges*-like, from *Sinai*'s Mount
Thundring at ſuch a Rate, as if it burnt
Itſelf before him had in fiery Dread,
As from his Mouth no Comfort could proceed;
At other Times he a ſweet *Barnabas*,
So ſpeaking Conſolation to us, was,

As if thoſe Flames had ne'er been in his View,
Or yet its Thundrings from his Mouth had flew.
To rouſe us up, the Law before us ſet,
Then ſtrove to draw us in the Goſpel-net.
No Seaſon, Time or Tide he did let ſlip,
But would his Lines into the Water dip;
Like to a painful Fiſher, he did bind
Hooks more or leſs, for Fiſhes of each Kind,
On which he put the moſt alluring Bait:
A large one had for Leviathan great;
He leſs ones had for thoſe of ſmaller Size,
Like unto very Worms, mean in Mens Eyes;
Which from the Word of Truth he made appear
The Promiſe is, Worm *Jacob*, do not fear.
This to the weak in Faith did Comfort prove,
And made them wonder at unfathom'd Love,
In ſending him, who thus reſolv'd their Doubts
By Pow'r Divine, ſo clear he pointed out
The Way to Chriſt, in's Maſter's glorious Name,
The Riches of free Grace he did proclaim,
And taught us not to truſt material Senſe,
But lean to Chriſt, and Grace's Influence.
The Doctrine of free Grace moſt ſtren'ouſly
He did aſſert, which ſome like to deny;
And made it much the Subject, and alſo
The Strain o's Sermons in this Current flow.
The Happineſs t' explain he did not want
The Nature of the Goſpel-covenant,
So as to make us know its whole Deſign,
Its Force, its Fulneſs, Freeneſs, in each Line.
He never lov'd that nice new-learned Phraſe,
Nor fine Harangues to gain the World's praiſe:
He ever ſhow'd a Face of Diſcontent
To theſe new Modes, brave, learn'd and eloquent,
So much in Faſhion 'mong our Falcons wight,
Flying in airy Wings out of our Sight;

Above

Above our Heads ſuch ſoar aloft ſo hie,
Till ſcarce know where they are; then how can we?
When ſuch our Pulpit fill'd for all their Airs,
When he ſtept up intill't, quite darkned theirs,
Which was for us to know too hard a Task,
Till he thoſe cloudy Speeches did unmask.
He loved not to ſoar aloft ſo hie,
As preach above our weak Capacitie;
Yet not the Leſs regarded was to be,
That they were caſt in ſuch a holy Frame,
That mean Capacities might know the ſame.
Conſid'ring this, tho' higher he could reach'd,
That to the Poor the Goſpel might be preach'd,
He ſunk into this Level for this End,
That the illit'rate might it comprehend.
He never went above our common Senſe,
But plainly ſpoke from ſweet Experience;
Touch'd ilk one's Caſe to ſuch a near Degree,
As if the Heart within juſt known had he;
In decent Stile expreſt his loſty Thought,
Things ſcarce believ'd by us to Light he brought;
So dext'rouſly ilk Subject he did handle,
Ay cent'ring was in the New-covenant Chanel.
God's ſacred Truths he taught to Admiration,
Ending his Sermons with ſweet Application;
With Motives preſt his Subject o'er again,
Which ſent his People home in lively Frame.
Can his laſt Lectures yet forgotten be
Upon the firſt ſix Chapters of *Hoſea*?
So fitting for the Day, he inſiſted hath
On theſe for ſeveral Years before his Death:
That Tyrant caught him, he no further reach'd
Into that Prophecy. He always preach'd
Upon the moſt ſubſtantial choiceſt Text,
His greateſt Puzzle where to pitch on next:

When

When he had ended one, he ne'er neglected
To crave our Pray'rs that he might be directed
To a moſt proper Portion of God's Word,
Agreeable to his Will, and might afford
To Saints and Sinners Conſolation ſweet,
And unto all might prove becoming meet.
To paſs the reſt, the laſt we ſhall rehearſe;
In *Acts* the Seventeenth Chapter, Twenty Verſe,
Which Words in writing here we ſhall advance:
'Tis ſaid, *And the Times of this Ignorance*
God winked at; laſt Clauſe was his Intent,
But now commandeth all Men to repent.
May I infer, I think it ſeems to me
In all its Circumſtances like a Key,
Either to open, or to ſhut the Door
On us: O Sirs, why are we ſo ſecure,
As in the Sun-ſhine thus to ſhut our Eyes?
Let us no more this great Command deſpiſe:
In doing ſo, we much the Lord provoke;
Light being come, for Sin we have no Cloke;
This Text of his doth verify the ſame.
Leſt I digreſs, I muſt return again;
Can we forget how from his Pulpit he
Put us in mind of Time's Uncertaintie,
And earneſtly us all exhorted hath
Our Time for to redeem, and think on Death,
Which all muſt meet with either ſoon or late?
Therefore make ready for a future State,
While 'tis to Day. None ſurely will deny,
That as the Tree doth fall, ſo doth it ly.
Our New-year's Gift he never let us want,
One of the beſt, renewing Covenant
With God: He ſaid, This was the only Way
The new Year to begin, and keep that Day;
But feaſting Viſits he could not abide,
Such Popiſh Rites he gart be laid aſide;

And would not tol'rate thoſe on no Condition,
'Cauſe they ſmell'd rank of *Engliſh* Superſtition.
Sirs, may I boldly ask, Is't true or not?
Are his ſweet Sermons by us all forgot?
Altho' ſome cannot them repeat again,
I hope th' Impreſſions on our Heart remain.
If we have them forgot, and ſtill neglect
That great Salvation, what may we expect,
Who had it by him to us holden forth,
Its Excellency, Greatneſs, and its Worth,
Inviting all of us within this Place
To come, this great Salvation to embrace?
In preſſing of it home, great Pains he took,
And told, we might obtain it for a Look:
In *Iſaiah* Forty fifth you'll ſee't ingrav'd,
Ends of the Earth, look to me, and be ſav'd.
O Sirs, can any e'er expect to get
Heav'n and Salvation at a lower Rate?
Now, may I ask us of this Congregation,
If we've been Slighters of the great Salvation,
Who had it brought ſo near, and yet refus'd,
Of all the World we're leaſt to be excus'd,
Since many Times by him we were exhorted
It to embrace, who's left us uncomforted.
He's ta'en his laſt good Night, for which we may
Shed briny Tears until our dying Day.
O Death! O Death! how could you be ſo cruel,
As rob poor drooping Souls of ſuch a Jewel,
We dearly lov'd! O but we're loth to part
With ſuch as have Poſſeſſion of our Heart!
But, ſince he's freed from Sin, ſhould we be ſorry?
What? tho' our Loſs be great, his Gain is Glory,
Who's now above, enjoying that Salvation
Which here he did commend. Oh Deſolation!
Alas! Alas! how Widow-like we look,
Since Death's untimely Dart him from us took,

Who

Who unto us both Husband was and Father!
A matchleſs one, when taken altogether.
A *Moſes*-like for Meekneſs ay was he;
A *Job* for Patience and for Pietie;
A *Solomon* for Wiſdom; a faithful *Abraham*;
A Lion-like for Boldneſs, yet a Lamb;
A *Jacob* was in Prayer and Wreſtling;
A Meſſenger that did glad Tidings bring;
A *David*-like in Suffering and Trial;
A *Peter* was for humble Self-denial;
A *Paul* for Miniſterial Diligence,
Which in his Maſter's Strength he did commence.
Upon his little Flock no Pains he ſpar'd;
A faithful Lab'rer in the Lord's Vineyard.
He digged deep, and with his Spade turn'd o'er
Things ſcarcely ever were found out before.
He ſet the Scriptures in their cleareſt Light,
That we the better underſtand them might.
In's Lectures ſhew'd God's Mind in a great Meaſure,
And brought Things new and old out of his Treaſure.
His Week-days Sermons more heav'nly and Divine,
'Cauſe there he thought the Godly did combine.
His Carefulneſs can ever we forget,
So much he ſtrove our Souls to elevate?
He pious was, and ſtudy'd moſt the Main,
His Maſter's Glory, likewiſe our Souls Gain,
Was that he did intend while here below,
Craving the Lord his Bleſſing would beſtow
Upon his Labours, that they might Fruit forth bring.
He ever zealous was for *Zion*'s King;
Tho' not ſo publick as ſome others was,
Yet he did ever dearly love Chriſt's Cauſe.
He Errors alſo duly did preach down,
Which at this Day ſo greatly do abound.

What can we elſe expect, while no Way's ta'en
By Judicatures to ſuppreſs the ſame?
He was a conſtant Wreſtler at the Throne,
Both in his Pulpit, and his Houſe at home:
While he ſojourned in this Vale of Tears,
Of ſad impending Strokes expreſt his Fears,
At a Throne of Grace, petitioning, at ſuch a Rate,
Th' Averting of theſe threatned Judgments great;
Pled hard with God in Chriſt, our Souls Salvation,
With holy Ardour upon all Occaſion;
Employing all the Graces to him giv'n,
Friendly to Saints, faithful to God in Heav'n.
When ought uncommon happen'd to fall out,
Either in foreign Parts, or near about,
However ſmall or great the Diſpenſation,
He never miſt to have an Obſervation
Upon the ſame, was't of whatever kind,
The like for which he's left few him behind.
However light ſome did, he look'd on thoſe
As Fore-runners, and Warnings unto us;
Like unto *Noah*'s Knocks before the Flood,
They are not Mutes, if we them underſtood.
They vocal were, and not for nothing ſent,
And called loudly for us to repent.
To dwell in Contention's Fire he loved not;
He loved Peace, and Peace for Peace he got;
Yet loth to wrong the Truth at any Rate,
For which he's threatned Baniſhment of late.
O what an one he was! Nay, he was one
Exceeding many now, alas! he's gone:
He off the Stage is ta'en, yet by fair Death,
And is not left to ſuffer threatned Wrath.
Ah! earthly Monarchs, what may ye now think,
Who would have poiſon'd him with helliſh Stink,
With that vile *Porteous* Apothecary-ointment?
Ye Heralds have met with a Diſappointment,

Who

Who long'd your luſtful Eyes on him to feaſt;
Man's greateſt Enemy's within his Breaſt.
But, *Haman* like, ye're diſcontented yet,
While *Mordecai* is ſitting at the Gate:
But happy's he who's got above the Reach
Of your ſhort Arm; it is too far a Stretch.
He at your Hands needs now no Favour beg,
And for your Threatnings does not give a Fig:
Death has him caught out of your Eagle-claws,
Who ſtood condemn'd according to your Laws.
Where's all his Lovers now, that leave't to me,
A ſimple one, to weep his Elegie,
Who is unfit? I darken but his Name,
Who doth deſerve a never-dying Fame.
If could, I would, but I'd fain quite my Quill,
And turn it o'er to ſome of better Skill;
Yet cannot ſilent keep. I think I hear
His very Voice ſtill ſounding in my Ear,
As freſh as when unto us he was preaching;
I think I ſee him o'er the Pulpit ſtretching
His Hand to us: Loudly with Tears he cry'd,
Sinners, return, return to Chriſt, who dy'd.
O come once more, let us lament his Fall,
A mighty Pillar in our Iſrael;
A Cedar tall, as in the Foreſt grew,
Is now cut down, alas! alas! 'tis true.
Who now on Earth, alas! can ſo ſupport us?
Who can, when caſten down, ſo well comfort us?
Who will ſuch Warning give, ſince he is gone?
Who can fill up his Room? Sure few or none;
Who did our Sins reprove, and Duties teach;
Whoſe daily Practice did unto us preach;
Whoſe whole Deportment was ſo very ſquare;
Who now ſurviving might with him compare?
He was ſo much to Meditation giv'n,
One would have thought he ay contemplate Heav'n.

Where's

Where's Treaſure was, his Heart was there alſo,
Yet never did deſpiſe Things here below;
Tho' they to theſe are Dung, them not abus'd,
But as Chriſt's Creatures carefully them us'd.
He temp'rate was, and never would allow
Himſelf to feaſt, or feed, or corp'rate grow,
Leſt that his Body be to him a Load,
And ſo become unfit to ſerve his God.
Of making rich he never had the Art,
Nor to the World wholly gave his Heart.
All carnal Pleaſures he for Heav'n forſook,
And to his Labours cloſs himſelf betook.
In Idleneſs he never could have Skill;
That was a Burden made him ſo unwell,
As, one wou'd thought, he ſcarcely could have liv'd:
But in the Pulpit, O how he reviv'd!
Altho' his Body's Strength did much decay
By reaſon of old Age, yet did not lay
Aſide his Maſter's Work, until that he
Was but a few Steps from Eternitie.
I've heard it ſaid by them who truly knows it,
He could not ſtudy, tho' he kept his Cloſet;
But often Times upon his Knees he pray'd,
Looking to Heaven for the Spirit's Aid,
In ſuch a weighty Work him to aſſiſt,
So that his Labours 'mongſt us might be bleſt.
But now we want his ſweet Ejaculation;
We want his heav'nly Pray'rs and Converſation;
We want his Preface, Preaching and Baptiſing;
We want his Viſit, and his Catechiſing;
We want his Company ſo very rare:
May thou once more our Loſs again repair!
By human Hand our Fabrick's built anew;
To fill it as he did, alas! there's few,
Who in old Age brought forth, like faithful *Sarah*;
A Soul-ſearcher he was without a Marrow,

Who

Who for Youth's Conduct as much fam'd was he,
As in old Age he was for Pietie.
O Death, we do thee blame; yet let's not frown
'Gainſt the Almighty calling home his own;
Since he has granted us ſo long a Leaſe
Of him, Sirs, let this make us hold our Peace.
When we a Loan from any Neighbour borrow,
Once ſerv'd its Turn, return'd with Thanks To-
morrow:
If we do not, but keep it as our ain,
How can we think they'll anſwer us again?
Why ſhould we, then, thus ſo unwilling be
To give God back his own? Sirs, ſince that we
Had of him but a Loan, let's not offend
Sov'reignity; leſt that he ſhould not ſend
Another faithful, fit one, to ſucceed
Our worthy *Moſes*, who of late is dead;
Who ſome Years ſince lookt for to be remov'd
From us by Death: How's this Time been improv'd,
Since back again to us we had him giv'n,
And to his former Years were added Sev'n?
Since we ſuch Warning got, we ought from hence
Daily to have doubled our Diligence.
Juſt at that preſent Time his loving Wife,
A Woman of good Parts, gave up this Life.
He had no Children left, excepting twa;
The one of whom is in *America*,
The other in this Church a Standard-bearer,
A loving Child he was, none could be dearer:
Unto his Father had a due Reſpect,
Nor he a Parent's Duty did neglect.
Now he has loſt a Friend, and we a Leader,
Who was a Parent kind, a faithful Feeder.
He and his Babes have loſt a loving Father;
Now they and we may join, and weep together.

But

But liſten now, I think I hear him ſay,
" Weep not for me; weep for yourſelves you may,
" While in this ſmoky Houſe you do remain,
" Whoſe Walls are apt your Garments for to ſtain:
" While ye thus howl and weep, I do rejoice,
" Since now I'm got ſo far above my Foes;
" While ye are hunted like a Partridge wild,
" I've fought the Fight of Faith, and gain'd the Field;
" While thus in Tribulation ſtill you be,
" I'm of all Sorrow and of Sinning free;
" While ye with Fears perplexed are and toſt,
" I dwell in Peace among the heav'nly Hoſt.
" O welcome, Death, how ſweet was thy Alarm,
" Who's me no longer left to ſuffer Harm
" From thoſe who threatned me to perſecute!
" 'Cauſe I their wretched, ſinful, lawleſs Suit
" Would not obey, that Cup which Hell had brew'd
" They'd have me drink; ſo hotly they purſu'd,
" They'd ſcarce allow me to run out my Race.
" O if ye knew the Joys I now embrace,
" Ye would no longer ſtand thus to adviſe,
" Ye'd ſtart, and run to win this heav'nly Prize."
Is this the Language now of him that hath,
While in this Vale of Tears, with hotteſt Breath
Preſt, and perſwaded us, in Time to get
Our Calling and Election ſure, ere 'tis too late?
While 'tis To-day, O Sirs, then let us come,
Let's ſtart, and ſtrive each others to outrun;
Let us not halt, let's no more Time off-put,
Let's ſtrive to enter ere the Door be ſhut.
Now come and let us labour all we can
To copy after this bleſt, heav'nly Man,
Who walkt while here in his Integrity,
Who was a Pattern of true Piety,
And in the Church a burning Lamp moſt clear;
Night now o'erclouds, this Star-light diſappears.

He

He 'twixt his Cradle and his Grave has been
Moſt eminent, moſt virtuous, and ſublime,
For Patience, Meekneſs and Humility,
For Zeal, for Love, for Truth and Conſtancy.
He homely was, moſt humble Innocence,
And guarded ay 'gainſt giving of Offence.
His heav'nly Carriage oft the Proud reprov'd,
While with his Works their Hearts were greatly mov'd.
His Brethren, Nobles, Yeomen, and each Sect,
Did rev'rence him, and had a due Reſpect
For him; he acted with ſuch prudent Skill,
He gain'd the Favour of both Good and Ill.
To think on't now, it makes our Hearts full ſad,
The former Care and great Reſpect he had
For us, while ours to him was nothing leſs:
The Love betwixt us was, who can expreſs?
Great is the Pity, yet we're fain to part,
Who wedded were together in our Heart.
The Cov'nant's broke, he's gone and left us here;
Upon his fun'ral Urn let's drop a Tear.
O but our Houſe is miſtly now for Want
Of ſuch a Servant, ſuch a zealous Saint!
Who did God's Love in Chriſt to Sinners tell,
Who dragged ſuch back from the Gates of Hell.
He told, It was for ſuch Chriſt purchas'd Heav'n,
As would repent, and turn; their Sin's forgiv'n
By Pow'rs above: Through's Labours ſuch became
The truly faithful Followers of the Lamb.
While he a Saviour from the Word reveal'd,
His Miniſtry upon their Souls was ſeal'd.
Can we ſo brutiſh be, as not lament
Our Loſs, whoſe Worth we know now by the Want?
Our Miſimprovements we may dread therefore,
Who had the Manna ſhowred at our Door:

While we enjoy'd his worthy Miniſtry,
Our Fleece was wet, when others oft was dry.
Have we our Plenty wilfully abus'd?
Has he been calling, and have we refus'd?
Have we not Cauſe to fear God, in his Ire,
Pluckt him from us, ſafe from approaching Fire,
Like *Lot* from *Sodom?* Sirs, I'll tell you mair,
Now he has got the Anſwer of his Pray'r,
Who crav'd God would no longer him allow
To live here, than he'd Work for him to do.
He was no Prophet, yet oft did foreſee
And feared Things o'er likely now to be.
Since he was ſnatcht ſo ſuddenly away,
Who but a few Days on a Deathbed lay,
He was ſo ſeiz'd, and ſilenc'd by Death's Stroke,
None could make Language of one Word he ſpoke;
'Tis as a Judgment from the Lord deſign'd,
Yet not on him, on us that's left behind.
We may conjecture, yet may not complain;
'Tis a Token God's angry with us, when
He's plucking up his Plants at ſuch a Rate:
How many Faithful in this Place of late
Have been removed from their Houſe of Clay,
Free'd from the Troubles of this evil Day
We live in now? Oh what a Breach was made
Upon our Elderſhip! One Half was dead,
And laid in Graves hard ere this Cedar fell;
Then our *Elijah*'s wrapt from *Iſrael.*
Our Beauty's gone, O but 'tis faded much!
How ſhall we ſtable ſtand, for Want of ſuch
As pointed out to us the Way to Chriſt,
And by whoſe Pray'rs and Tears this Place was bleſt?
Ah diſmal Aſpect! May I the World tell
How irrecov'rably our Kirk it fell?
Reader, I hope you will not take amiſs,
That I remark ſtrange Providence in this.

Before our Fabrick fell, Part of its Thack,
'Twixt Ev'n and Morn, did ſlip from off its Back;
Inſtead of which, ſome new again's put on;
Mean Time its total Fall was fear'd by none.
This was in Summer laſt, as I remember;
Since it dropt down, into the next *December*,
O wonderful! how all was ſafe preſerv'd
From Harm, while yet by none it was obſerv'd.
The Sabbath ere it fell, 'tis full from End to End,
And out of Doors; none of their Hazard ken'd:
They ſober ſat, and Sermons all did hear,
Without the leaſt Diſtraction, Dread or Fear;
Yea, they did nothing know after the Bleſſing,
Nor did they notice it at their Diſmiſſing.
On *Monday* Morn, firſt View of it was got;
The outer Leaf of the Back-wall was ſhot
From End to End; at which all were ſurpris'd
To ſee an upright Houſe ſo ſoon diſguis'd.
With Timber-props they tried for to fix't,
But 'twas in vain, it dropt down ere the next:
So from its Pulpit we no more Preaching got,
Nor never will we more upon the Spot,
Since now they're building on another Place;
Both it and Paſtor are remov'd, alas!
Betwixt 'tis notic'd, and it fell, ſome ſay,
'Bout as long Time he on his Deathbed lay.
The Dovecote's down, the Dove has it forſaken,
And to the Palace has herſelf betaken,
Who had ſo ſweet and a melodious Voice,
Made all the Pigeons round her to rejoice:
From ev'ry Airth they flocked her about,
Ilk Day the Houſe was full, and Part without,
Sitting at Doors and Windows, cloſly ſwarming,
To hear her pleaſant Notes ſo very charming.
But, ſince ſhe's now into the Palace got,
Alas! the Pigeons' like to change their Note;

They do not ſound ſo ſhrill, nor Half ſo high.
Excuſe me, Sirs, I cannot yet apply,
Nor neither will I, this I do forbear,
Becauſe that now I only ſpeak of Fear.
So I'll return, leſt I too far digreſs,
And call the Fowls to bear me Witneſs,
That all I here have ſaid is real Truth,
Who oft their Shelter had beneath its Roof.
Poor harmleſs Doves, who oft this Houſe did haunt,
Your Dovecote's down, now ye your Lodging want;
Where ye had Freedom to come in before,
Into the new one ye ſhall win no more;
All's made ſo cloſs, no Shelter can expect;
I ſee no Holes in't left for you to cleck:
Your Loſs is great, but ours is greater yet;
Tho' we a Harbour have, we want our Mate;
He's ta'en his laſt Farewell, now he is gone,
And left us here our Loſs for to bemone;
Like Doves wanting their Marrow, we may mourn,
Since to the new he never will return,
Who was the brighteſt Beauty of the old.
'Tis come o'er true to paſs, that he us told,
He never wou'd enjoy the new; he ſaid:
Indeed, no ſooner its Foundation's laid,
Than here ceived Summons to remove,
And leave this lower Houſe for that above.
Here may I ask, Who ever yet heard tell,
Amongſt you, of another Kirk that fell
Without the Touch of any human Hand?
And yet ours did: If we could underſtand,
It a loud Language hath, 'mong many mo,
And was a Forerunner of future Wo.
A ſad Prognoſtick! What doth it pronounce,
Where Kirk and Paſtor falleth both at once?
To ask the Reaſon, who dares be ſo bold?
Who is it can this Myſtery unfold?

Has God againſt us ta'en up this Complaint,
Ye would not hearken to my Servant ſent,
Who Warning gave, yet ye theſe Warnings ſat;
Therefore your Houſe I will make deſolate,
Its very loweſt Stone ſhall be turn'd o'er,
The Place whereon it ſtood ſhall know't no more;
Your Shepherd from you, I will take away,
And leave the Sheep on Deſerts for to ſtray:
Since ye my Word did ſlight, when preſt about him,
I'll try how your're content to live without him,
And Wo unto you when he doth depart.
Let us conſider this, and lay't to Heart;
Have we not cauſe to dread, O *Ichabod*!
This be the Language of an angry God,
Whom we this Day ſo greatly have offended?
O how much precious Time by us been ſpended!
'Tis not a groundleſs Quarrel, nay, 'tis juſt
From God againſt us: Sure, confeſs we muſt,
We have Deſpiſers been, and have rebell'd,
While he no Goſpel-means from us withheld,
Who ſuch a Paſtor gave: His Gain's our Loſs
This Day; Heav'n has the Gold, the Grave the Droſs.
The Want of him we're like to find, the Miſs
(In ſuch a darkſom dreiry Day as this,
When that the Sun ſeems to be under Cloud,
When right by wrong can ſcarce be underſtood,
When ſimple Ones are ſunk under Suſpicion;
When Errors clockt, Truth meets with Oppoſition)
Who never would allow us to be idle;
Who from Extremes was ay a holding Bridle;
Who Vice did curb, and all Extravagance;
Who was a Guide to thoſe in Ignorance,
To keep from Errors that ſo much prevail,
Condemning lukewarm *Laodicean* Zeal:

He

He ilk one's Caſe unto the Touch-ſtone brought,
And ſeriouſly our Hearts to Chriſt he ſought;
Law's Threatning ſet in View for our Conviction,
And offer'd Grace to all without Reſtriction.
The more we ſpeak of him, the more the Miſs
Of him we find, ſo great our Weakneſs is:
Others Happineſs we're like for to envy,
To carry fair we find Difficulty,
Beneath the preſent heavy Diſpenſation,
In this our woful Day of Deſolation.
Since cruel Death has called home this Father,
The Flock's expoſed unto Wind and Weather,
Like Sheep without a Shepherd; now, alake,
Who after him the Charge of us will take?
To undergo, we fear, there are but few,
Who unto us will give ſuch Warning due,
Who will us tell when we the Law tranſgreſs,
Who'll bid us flee unto Chriſt's Righteouſneſs;
Who will to Captives Liberty proclaim,
Who will our Hearts now raiſe to ſuch a Frame.
Who are they can ſo truly fit our Caſe?
Who can to us ſo preach the Word of Grace?
Who can the Hearts of Hearers now ſo gain?
Who can come up unto that Pains he's ta'en?
Who can ſo cloſly keep his Congregation
In this divided Day of Conſternation,
When all's confus'd and reeling to and fro,
When that our Maladies do ſeem to grow,
When under Bondage now again we're brought,
When we've undone that which our Fathers wrought
Of old for us and our Poſterity,
In giving of our native Right away?
The Miniſter we chooſe, cannot obtain;
For which God's People heavily complain,
Since of their Privilege they are depriv'd;
Hell has it hatcht, and *Rome* has it contriv'd.

This

This to our Grief is no ſmall Aggravation,
Who's ſtanding now in ſuch a Situation,
Since chooſing of a Paſtor they will not
Allow us for to have one ſingle Vote.
Away our Freedom's ta'en, our Right reſtricted;
We are not free of Fears while thus afflicted,
Since upon Man, a Worm, depend we muſt,
As if he could not do what were unjuſt,
Who ready is to thwart us of our Will.
Who is't with whom we ſhall have as good Skill
As of him had? Who is't, or will it be,
Who will us gather in, as once did he?
Like a wiſe Shepherd, that the Storm behold,
His tender Flock doth bring into the Fold,
And keeps them there until the Blaſt blow by,
So that his Weaklings all preſerve he may
In per'lous Times; on us his little Flock
Great Pains he took, to bring us to the Rock,
Ev'n Jeſus Chriſt: For ſurely ſuch ſhall ſafe
Preſerved be againſt the Day of Wrath;
'Tis only ſuch the Trial can endure,
That's got their Int'reſt once in Chriſt made ſure.
But O the Diff'rence now, we fear there be,
Since he has left this Life of Miſerie!
We're fear'd for Thraldom now, O now, alas!
Ours ſeems to be a very deſp'rate Caſe.
Where am I now? Why do I thus repine?
What means this faithleſs, fainting Heart of mine?
Senſe ſmothers Faith, and ſays, It cannot be;
As if't were an Impoſſibilitie
For the moſt High to give another ſuch:
Our Unbelief now ſpeaketh forth as much.
Ceaſe, Sirs, are we ſo void of Faith and Senſe
In this, as to miſtruſt kind Providence,
Who did this Place ſo wondrouſly ſupplie
With faithful Men before? 'Gainſt Heav'n's Decree

Why

Why do we murmur, and ſeem diſcontent,
Whilſt Heav'n will never want an Inſtrument?
Things that impoſſible ſeem to human Senſe,
Are nought difficult to Omnipotence:
Tho' earthly Pow'rs may ſeem to interpoſe,
With one ſmall Touch can ſoon o'erturn all thoſe;
For all the Power, Art and Skill they ply,
They're only Inſtruments he worketh by.
So like the Craftſman, when the Work is o'er,
The Tools are uſeleſs, and can do no more:
Their Pow'r's but limit', ſmall, we muſt confeſs;
Both high and low, both rich and poor are Graſs.
This ought to teach us all to be more humble,
And, with the Pſalmiſt, at his Preſence tremble:
Tho' he a King and Hero was indeed,
Yet a moſt humble Subject, as we read;
He fading thus away, might let us know
Man's Inſtability and Weakneſs: So,
Man muſt not truſt to Man, who's apt to fall,
But to Sov'reignity muſt look for all
We ſtand in Need. Then here we muſt o'erlook
All Inſtruments: To him who from us took
The former one, lets truſt in ſov'reign Grace;
'Tis only he can beſt fill up his Place;
'Tis only he that knoweth our Condition,
So fitteſt for to chooſe us our Phyſician:
He'll do it beſt; let us by Faith and Pray'r
Apply to him, who can our Breach repair;
Let us, with Hearts unite, now ſupplicate
A Throne of Grace at an uncommon Rate,
In Jeſus Chriſt, who is the Churches Head,
To give a faithful, fit one in our Need.

(1)

O Lord, look down, and thus behold
Our woful Deſolation;

Deal

Deal with us as thou didſt of old
Unto this Congregation.

(2)

Now pity us, and do us Good;
Our Help muſt come from thee:
O! may'ſt thou, in our Widowhood,
To us a Husband be.

(3)

We earneſtly deſire that thou
Wouldſt now thine Ear incline:
Upon thy Houſe, now deſolate,
Cauſe thou thy Face to ſhine.

(4)

We do not for our Righteouſneſs
Our Supplication make
Unto thee thus in our Diſtreſs,
But for thy Mercy's Sake.

(5)

Since that our *Moſes* is now dead,
And from us ta'en; we pray,
That there be raiſed in his Stead
To us a *Joſhua*,

(6)

To break the Bread of Life among
Us, if it be thy Will,
That unto thee a thankful Song
Of Praiſe our Mouths may fill.

(7)

Now, all we ask is in thy Name,
And only for thy Sake:
Do thou this Work, Lord, do the ſame,
And all the Glory take.

I judge that ſome will think it ſtrange to ſee
A ſhort Pathetick in an Elegie,

With other Things, that no Relation have
Unto the Purpoſe. Friend, I humbly crave
Ye will forgive me: True, I muſt confeſs,
That from the Purpoſe I too far digreſs;
But, if the Reaſons you'll accept therefore,
You'll ſee the Day doth call for theſe and more,
Forby Remarks: Then do not think it odd
That in theſe Turns I am out of the Road.
But I'll return, and take another View
Of what I did intend, then bid Adieu.
Now, would you know the Age, the Time and Day,
In which this pious One was ta'en away?
This worthy Man did leave this dusky Stage
About the Eighty Fourth Year of his Age:
About the Time the Kirk fell, ſome ſuppoſe,
About that Time of Day his Eyes did cloſe;
About Three a-Clock into the Morning ſoon,
Upon the Nine and Twenty Day of *June*,
The Seventeen hundred thirty and eighth Year,
He did depart, and left this Vale of Tear.

A Man of God he was,
A Darling of the Saints;
That which Heav'n now has,
The World wants.

His Body's here laid in its Bed of Reſt;
His Soul with heav'nly Joys are now poſſeſt.
Thrice happy he, who's waſted up above,
Which here at ſuch a Rate his Lord did love.
In publick, private, much to Pray'r was giv'n,
And Meditation; loving to live near Heav'n,
In this low'r World; warbling out imperfectly,
The Praiſes now he ſings triumphantly,
In ſweeteſt Harmony now, where he's gone
To ſee and ſtand before *Immanuel*'s Throne.

Oh glorious Saint! who's of all Joy poſſeſt,
Join'd with the great Aſſembly of the Bleſt,
Where he doth ſtand, ſinging a Song of Praiſe
To him who crown'd his Head with pleaſant Bays;
His Clothes in White of Glory ſhining bright,
Without all Interruption, Day and Night,
Praiſing, and ſinging Glory and Salvation
To him who brought him out of Tribulation,
Unto the Throne and Temple of his God,
Where everlaſtingly he hath abode;
Where we muſt leave him full of Heaven's Joy,
Whom no more Sin nor Sorrow can annoy;
And reſt lamenting what we cannot mend.
Haſte, Haſte, my Quill, and make a ſpeedy End
Of what thou'ſt raſh begun; no Lamb of his
Is ſo unfit as I for doing this:
To tell his Value, ſure, I want the Senſe;
It calls for one of more Experience,
Who can his Steps far more exactly trace:
Till then, this hearty One of mine embrace.

An

An ACROSTICK on his NAME.

M eek like a Lamb,
A nd well became
S o eager he was ay
T hat ſuch ſoon may
E lſe they would find,
R emaining behind,

M oſt painful ay was he,
A Paſtor for to be:
S inners again to bring,
T ake hold on Zion's King,
E v'n to their eternal Coſt,
R oom for Repentance loſt.

A dmir'd for Virtues was,
L ikewiſe condemned has
L over of Truth was he,
E minent for Pietie,
X iſtus like *Victri*
A ffronted Foes, tho' vext,
N o Fear of Enemies,
D are haunt where he
E ternally before,
R age can no more

A ll Vice reprov'd with Boldneſs,
L ax *Laodicean* Coldneſs.
L ively in Pray'r,
E xceeding rare:
X, Grace gain'd the Field:
A re fain to yield.
N ow where he's gone,
D oth ſtand, *Immanuel's* Throne
E xalted upon High:
R each him. So that I

C ould wiſh to follow this
O f th' endleſs Bleſs,
L o, thou JEHOVAH wiſe,
D oſt ſee: O thrice
E njoyments manifold!
N ow what thou doſt behold?

C hoice happy Gueſt,
O f heav'nly Joy poſſeſt.
L ove raviſhing Solace,
D elightſom, glorious Place,
E v'n who can tell
N one here that dwell.

An ACROSTICK on the AUTHOR's NAME.

G reat Cauſe I've had ev'n from my Youth
E ver to bleſs the Name
O f great JEHOVAH, God, who doth
R ich Mercy yet proclaim.
G ive Underſtanding to me, Lord;
E ndeavour then I ſhall

R ight early, when thou'lt help afford,
O n thy great Name to call.
B leſs me with Bleſſings from above,
S ince thou haſt them in Store;
O let them Comfort to me prove
N ow and for evermore!

FINIS.

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